

The St. Johns Herald.

VOLUME 3.

ST. JOHNS, APACHE COUNTY, ARIZONA TERRITORY, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1887.

NUMBER 44

Albuquerque National Bank.

Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Capital - - - \$100,000.

Stockmen's Business a Specialty.

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GOVERNOR'S PROCLAMATION

TERRITORY OF ARIZONA,
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
OFFICE OF THE GOVERNOR.

To all to whom these presents may come greeting.

Whereas, The United States mail and express cars of the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad Company were stopped and the express car robbed by five or more unknown persons at a point some three miles west of Navajo Springs, Arizona, on the night of the 10th inst.

Now, therefore, I, C. Meyer Zulick, Governor of the Territory of Arizona, by virtue of authority in me vested, do hereby offer and proclaim a reward of five hundred dollars for the arrest and conviction of the aforesaid robbers.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the

Great Seal of the Territory

to be affixed hereto.

Done at Prescott, the Capital, this twenty-first day of September, A. D., 1887.

C. MEYER ZULICK,

By the Governor,
WM. C. FOSTER,
Acting Secretary of Territory.

New Vorce the Cowboy.

A typical border desperado is flourishing at Deer Trail, fifty-five miles east of Denver, on the Kansas Pacific Railroad. Deputy Sheriffs from Denver have gone out to capture him, and came back with blanching faces and trembling hearts. The cattlemen of the neighborhood, who suffer daily by his depredations, are seriously thinking of taking the law into their own hands, and they are loud in denunciation of Arapahoe county authorities, who they say are afraid to tackle the man. The fellow is an escaped convict named Newt Vorce. He has been in Colorado for ten or twelve years, but nobody knows where he came from. For the past four or five years he has worked for the cattlemen around Deer Trail. His last employers were the Mill Iron Cattle Company of Denver, who have a large horse ranch some distance from Deer Trail. Newt, who is about thirty-five and rather a good looking man, had no particularly bad habits when he first appeared in the country.

He would get drunk once in a while, and had a playful way of shooting at his fellow-men's feet when he wanted them to dance. Many a cowboy has executed a highland hornpipe to the music of Newt's revolver. Otherwise he was a nice, pleasant sort of a companion, good-hearted and agreeable and hard-working. He got along very well until a grass-widow, who owns a house and some horses and sheep within a hundred yards of Deer Trail station, won his affection. Then he drank all the more freely when he felt himself yearning for a cow-hide boot ballet. The woman helped to keep him drunk. He would ride to her twenty-five miles at night and get back to his range by daylight next morning. He became a nuisance, and twice the Mill Iron Cattle Company discharged him. Last fall he nearly killed an old cattle man named Gallagher, smashing him over the head with a bottle in Hodge's saloon. The blow felled Gallagher, when Vorce began jumping upon him, and afterward shooting promiscuously around the saloon.

The crowd of course broke for the door and got outside. One of the boys, braver than the rest, poked his rifle through the door, pushed it open, and covering Vorce made him throw up his hands. They determined to arrest him. He surrendered, but on leaving the saloon ran among a lot of railroad men and began firing. His pursuers followed and again captured him. He was brought to Denver and tried for an aggravated assault and convicted and sentenced to 9 months in the County Jail. He served several months, when he made his escape and returned to Deer Trail, where he has been ever since. He has seven stolen horses staked out, and almost daily breaks open stable locks and kicks in cabin doors, and does some stealing. He hides in the ravines around Deer Trail during the day, the grass widow and her little girl carrying him his meals. At night he usually sleeps in the widow's house. He has been at large for six weeks, and continues to grow bolder the longer his capture is delayed. He has a brace of revolvers and a Winchester, and has given out time and again that he will never be taken alive.

The woman watches every train that stops at Deer Trail, and if a stranger gets off she jumps on a horse, rides to the town and ascertains if he is an officer of the law, or if he is after Newt. A few weeks ago Captain Burrows and another sheriff's deputy went to Deer Trail and surprised Newt in the widow's house. They covered him with revolvers, but instead of throwing up his hands as they ordered, he open-

ed fire on them and got away. They came to Denver empty handed, and no further attempt has been made to capture him. The cowboys sometimes ride over a hill to be alarmed by a threatening Winchester and the cry, "hands up," but Newt lowers his weapon when he sees who they are, and they pass along and leave him in his sheltering ravine. Dave J. Cook, the Rocky Mountain detective, asks \$500 to effect his capture, and says he will not go after him unless he has a warrant, as he expects to have to kill him.

The saloon in which Newt assaulted Gallagher was recently acquired by George Hodge, ex-State Representative, under a mortgage foreclosure. Twelve men have been killed in it, and there isn't any part of the wall to which a finger may be pointed that doesn't possess a bullet hole. Murderer Wilson, who shot a Sheriff at Trinidad, and was afterward shot and killed by detectives in a neighboring county, was in the habit of snuffing out the lights with his revolver and making the habitués of the place "hide out," that is, getting out of range of the bullets which he sprinkled through the room in darkness. Popping out the lights and making the customers hide out is a favorite amusement of the bad men who drink at Hodge's bar, and the record of their pastimes is presented in the abundance of the bullet holes in the walls and ceiling.—St. Joseph (Mo.) Gazette.

Very Curious, Indeed.

A curious electric phenomenon is reported from Fayette, Michigan. Thursday evening a lively thunder shower passed over that region, during which the play of lightning was peculiarly frequent and vivid. Just before the storm broke Amos J. Biggs, a farmer living midway between Hillsdale and Jonesville, who is quite bald, his head being smooth and shiny, went into his backyard to frighten away some cats that were fighting on the woodpile. So intent were they on exterminating one another as to allow Farmer Biggs to approach within a few feet of them. At the same instant there was a great crash and an electric belt struck the woodpile scattering it and stiffening the cats in an intense rigor mortis. Aside from a prickly sensation and sudden contraction of the muscles, Mr. Biggs experienced no unpleasant effects. The fluid passed down his body, tore the works of his watch to pieces, breaking the cover, ripped his left trousers leg from top to bottom, and burst his left boot, tearing the upper clear from the sole. When he entered the house his wife fainted. Unconscious of the cause, the farmer hastened to bring her to. The first words she uttered—"Oh, Amos, the devil has set his mark on you!"—excited his curiosity, and he looked in the glass and found the image of a black cat photographed in silhouette on his bold front. The picture was perfect. It was about five inches from tip to tip and in perfect proportion. The cat's whiskers, teeth, and even the hairs on its tail were reproduced with great minuteness. Curiosity being satisfied they tried to remove the obnoxious marking, but to no purpose. However, in the morning the picture was much faded, and by noon it had quite disappeared.—Atlanta Constitution.

A story is told in a western paper of the manner in which a young man's presence of mind saved him from the clutches of a huge bear. He climbed a tree, up which the bear pursued him, and was gaining on him when an idea struck him. Seizing his hat from his head he set it on fire with some matches he happened to have and dashed it in the bear's face, who quickly beat a retreat and left him master of the situation.

The Mexican Burro.

Some people would say an ass, but "burro" sounds classic and big to an outsider. He also sounds big and loud to insiders. He is made up mostly of big sounds. He has more voice to the linear foot than anything else on earth, not excepting a steam fog horn. Up north and in the east he is called a donkey. The scriptures call him an ass. Because of some men having many of his peculiarities, they are called asses. Of course, we do not know if men inherited this or not; but we have seen men that call them asses would be base slander—to the burro.

He is a dignified little animal, and originally suggested to the ancients the idea of making wind-mills by his ears. We have seen "tenderfeet" when they first rode out on the plains and saw a herd of burros in the distance with their ears fanning the flies off, or keeping their offspring cool, go into ecstasies over what they thought was a large number of wind-mills in full blast. We have been lying on the plains (at least we are lying now) when these little animals looked like a lot of grey ants working on the hillsides not over a mile away.

He is the meekest-looking individual in all the tribes of the field. The lamb is a picture of ferocity beside him. But his meekness is all assumed for a purpose—a glorious purpose, too, to him. He will let you club him, and ride him, and pull him around, and look in his mouth, and feel of his heels during the entire year, in order to get your full confidence. Then, if you understand burro nature as we do, you will notice that he actually smiles as he looks at the almanac and sees that Christmas is almost here. It is then that he rewards himself for all his gentle meekness during the year. He waits for a good opportunity and then kicks you through the barn door, and goes out after you and walks all over you, and then lifts up his voice and laughs a wicked "Ha-a-a he-e-e he-ha-he-ahe-e-haw-haw-he-hahe hahehahehe-e-e-e!"—Fort Worth Colonel.

Morning in the City of Mexico.

An early morning start brings us first to the flower market. Whole families seated about are busily engaged in arranging flowers of rare beauty and fragrance. The flower girls, with their olive complexions and brilliant eyes of jet, their white teeth, beautiful hair in long braids carelessly swung over well rounded shoulders, with skirts gathered short to the uncorseted waist, nimbly ply their delicate fingers so rapidly that they weave bouquets as it were by magic, the roses, the lilies and the forget-me-nots dropping into their places and forming garlands and wreaths of endless variety. Then to the market square, near the palace, where a jabbering throng of lazy men and loosely dressed women, with robust voices, implore you to purchase almost every article of household necessity, including fruits and vegetables.

Water-carriers, with their earthen jars slung over their heads, are passing to and fro, delivering the morning supply of water from house to house. The little burro, that tiny quadruped so necessary to Mexicans, hardly yet awake, is pushed along by his master. The little fellows, in groups of a dozen or more, are loaded down with everything from a chicken to a stoye. The slightest laxity on the part of his master and he stops short to nibble at the nearest thing at hand, be it an old shoe or a tin can. The question was once asked, "Can a burro-driver be a Christian?" the answer being, "He might if he tried very hard, but he would have to give up driving burros."—New York Post.